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"RIFFRAFF" FROM THE SOUTH.

The peculiar mental processes of Major Richard Sylvester, of the Washington police force, are coming to light in the congressional investigation of the disorder permitted by his force during the suffragist parade. Not the least interesting is the statement attributed to him: "That he feared the parade because the riffraff of the South would be here to attend the inauguration of a Democratic President."

We think that when Major Sylvester gets through explaining his failure to provide police protection for a group of American women marching in the national capital to demonstrate their faith in an idea, it might be a good thing for him to explain his attitude toward the South and the visitors from that section to the Washington festivities. Does he think that the South is the home of a barbarous and uncivilized race? Does he think that men from the South are blind to the need for civility and gentleness toward women? Does he mean to imply that the celebrants of a Democratic victory are ruffians and thugs, without ideals or decency? What does this attitude indicate? Or does he allow prejudice and conservatism to supplant the more orderly processes of intelligence?

If reports can be trusted, it was not Southern riffraff who were responsible for the disorder. The members of his own force seem to have been chiefly guilty. As an apologist for himself, Major Sylvester reaches a pretty low level in attempting to lay at Southern doors the charge of women-baiting.

The explanation is not here. The South is not perfect, but the suggestion that it has some kind of a savage element that goes to the national capital bent on violent exuberance because of party victory is nothing but ridiculous. Men and women from the South with the same spirit of fairness and good temper that filled visitors from other sections. If we are at all able to judge the spirit of Southern men, they are the last to indulge in cheap buffoonery at the expense of earnest women. We believe that women, whatever political or social theory they might represent, could walk unmolested through the streets of any Southern city, and that the police would see that they were protected, and, further, if the police were neglectful, the "riffraff" would take their places as guardians of an ancient tradition of reverence for womanhood.

We are doubly glad of Democratic success and the inauguration of a Southern man, if the long intransigence of another party in government affairs has generated so obsolete an attitude in one of its representatives. We hope that the new spirit that has led the Democrats to victory will speedily penetrate the consciousness of subordinates who seek to hide mistakes behind unwarranted assertions against men whose ideals they cannot appreciate.

YOUNG DEMOSTRATIONS.

Just now college debates vie with indoor track meets as tests for student patriotism. There is not the same electric air of competition and vigorous life in the quieter contests of the forum, but there is much to prove the still vital interest that young men take in beating each other in the game of wits. The applause of "rooters" is just as partial, and just as whole-souled and youthful, when the question is on the Panama Canal as it is for the spirited chances of a relay race. The competitors become just as excited, tense, self-forgetful, and they probably reap more enduring benefits of awakened minds and stimulated interests than do the proud defenders of athletic honor.

An impressive aspect of modern college debating is the attention given matter. In the old days, oratory, generalization, with hammering on the premises of an opponent constituted much of the trained debater's equipment. His manner helped more than his matter. The young Demosthenes of the new generation is a grubbier after facts. He comes armed, not with figures of speech and flowery periods, but with government bulletins and reams of amazing statistics. He repudiates anything but the test of scientific verity. Sometimes he even sacrifices the larger aspect of principles in the painful effort to buttress his viewpoint with erudition. He relies too much on cold facts, and fails to group them in an orderly procession, with emphasis on the outline of his argument. He not infrequently misses a forest among the trees. The laboratory method of debate probably reflects the scientific training that forms part of even the most academic curriculum. Unfortunately, human beliefs are not so advanced, and there are still many faiths founded on general sentiments, and many converts won by ardent advocacy, despite a shaky foundation in actual facts.

But if the young debaters sometimes forget the more human methods of convincing, they choose themes of a wiser kind than of old. Hair-splitting on platitudes is not the vogue. Broad questions that by no chance can be settled in debate have been supplanted by problems taken fresh

from the life of to-day. New methods of government, new social theories, the Panama Canal treaties, municipal ownership, woman's suffrage—these are some of the pertinent questions that the new school chooses at which to break a lance. In all, the modern youth is more precise, more pertinent, and more given to investigating, but he lacks some of the spectacular fire that once made debating triumphs immortal memories.

THE PARK FOR NEGROES.

The need for a public park for the use of Richmond's colored citizens is plain. The community owes it to the negroes both as a duty and as a part of the equipment for general health and recreation. Aside from all questions of justice, the value of a breathing space for the colored population is too evident to require argument. It will increase the efficiency of the mass of colored workers. It will be a measure for the prevention of tuberculosis and other diseases. It will be an outlet for energies that are too often misdirected largely because they have no legitimate object. It will add to the happiness and contentment of a part of the community where life is narrow and barren, and where unremitting toil for small reward leads to a sordid and sudden existence.

Among the many hopes that Richmond holds for a cleaner and finer city, this plan of a park in the heart of the colored section must not be neglected. We congratulate the subcommittee of the Council on beginning the actual work that will result in such an addition to our civic life. More definite steps have been taken toward this end than ever before. One proposed site has been reported, and the City Engineer has been instructed to prepare a map of the region and estimate the cost of converting it into a pleasure spot. The proposed site is in touch with the home life of the negroes. It is near a school. It is declared that to condemn the few dwellings on the tract and remove them will prove less costly than to grade and park a hillside. The item of cost is naturally of first importance, but we do not think it should be the aim of the city to provide a makeshift on the theory of saving money. Let us meet the real needs of the situation with the generosity and wisdom that look to the future.

The preliminary survey of housing conditions in Richmond and the data to be gathered from a later and more exhaustive investigation might be used to settle the problem of locating the park. The Health Department also might wisely be consulted as to the best place and the best equipment for such a vital element in the fight against disease. The experts on recreation who will visit the city this spring would be glad to co-operate to help solve this question. In all, there is enough information available to guide us in supplying this sadly neglected field. The more important question is the deep sense of responsibility for these citizens that must arouse us to their needs, and inspire us to give them just consideration.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S AMBITION.

The March issue of the Atlantic Monthly contains a noteworthy analysis and appreciation of the character and attainments of President Wilson. The author, who is also the editor of the Atlantic, has also recently published two similar studies of Bryan and Roosevelt. The article on President Wilson points out the intellectual, the Scotch-Irish and Presbyterian traits, and the unusual combination of the qualities of scholar and statesman, which have been discussed by many other writers who have studied President Wilson's personality and work, and published their impressions. The editor of the Atlantic, however, in referring to Mr. Wilson's ambition, throws a new light upon this phase of his character. "Men shrug their shoulders," the article states, "and say that Mr. Wilson is ambitious. It is a patent charge. Mr. Wilson is passionately ambitious. Yet, why should we be hypercritical in men, of that essential quality we so ardently instill into our boys? Ambition is not the thing, but what lies behind it, and, as his critics do not realize, it is not to possess, but to become, that has been Mr. Wilson's dearest hope."

The editor of the Atlantic, in these words, has undoubtedly given expression to the keynote of President Wilson's career. Our new Democratic leader has been constrained with the desire to be and not to seem to be, and to serve intelligently and faithfully, and not to direct his energies toward the attainment of mere political power. His hard scholarly training has not been for the purpose of mental gymnastics, but has been undertaken with the object of applying it to practical political problems outside the circumscribed college world. "To him," as the editor of the Atlantic states elsewhere, "his election is the symbol that the scholar has attained his largest opportunity."

NEW IDEALS OF POWER.

Nothing is more impressive at this time of new faiths and new hopes than the slowly changing ideal of what really constitutes "power." The breaking down of old dynasties of political control and the progress made by great masses of men beyond the old leaders, who, blind from long success, have failed to read the signs of growth, decline with fresh clearness a change in the way we look at one of the vital springs of human action. The men who for two decades have been in power are being set aside. Different conceptions of what power means guide their successors.

If this change can be defined it is that we are no longer content with personal power, demonstrated in control over large affairs and over many men's lives. We are seeking for that power that comes from service. No longer can a man's glory be measured by what offices he fills, or what patron-

age he deals out, or what wealth he can amass for himself. The fresh vision is that of power coming from what a man can do for others, and not from what he can do for himself.

The old leaders were men of ability. They would not have led otherwise. Like all men of marked talents, they sought the visible means of showing their superiority. They laid down rules of action, and when they had achieved what was judged success along these lines, they were content. But it has slowly dawned on people that selfishness, however triumphant, is not in the end a good criterion of greatness. It is too easy to be selfishly successful. To follow some of the old rules whereby the cards were fixed, special privileges in vogue, unfairness tolerated, and kindness, justice and square-dealing neglected, did not prove ability, because the rules were too lax.

The new leaders are equally anxious to show their superior stuff. They are not altruistic in the sense of working without personal ambition. To show their talents and to win the approval of their fellows they must have some obstacles to overcome, some difficult goal to reach. Therefore, they have set themselves to achieve by new and more arduous rules. These are the rules of service. To help the community is more of a task than to help yourself. It requires more genius, wisdom, energy, devotion and persistence. If you accomplish something by the new rules, you prove yourself a better man.

Ability ever seeks a test. It must prove itself against fate. We have learned that the hardest rules are those of service, and we are coming to be satisfied only when we obey these rules.

THE JACKSON MONUMENT.

Tokens of renewed activity in connection with the Jackson memorial monument encourage the belief that this long-delayed and pre-eminently worthy vision will speedily take definite shape. Certainly this anniversary season is one peculiarly fitting for making sure the permanent memorial that the hearts of all Southerners desire erected to a great man and a great general. Richmond is interested, and it is imperative that the three committees recently appointed begin active work. If the president of this corporation can take time to come from Atlanta, we can take time to help with service that should be given out of devotion to great traditions.

A fitting monument will not materialize out of thin air, no matter how earnestly it is wished. The reverence in which Stonewall Jackson's memory is held among us will not take concrete form unless some measures are taken to arouse the public to the privilege and duty of contributing to the memorial fund. That the time is ripe has been evidenced by messages of encouragement and appreciation already received. The word brought by Dr. Smith from General Jackson's wife of her hopes for a noble memorial to her husband should be a profound inspiration to earnest labor. We most sincerely trust that by May 10, the fiftieth anniversary of the great leader's death, plans will be in hand for the monument.

The names on the committees are ample guarantee of interest and practical progress. The question of funds should be only one of putting the funds clearly before the people of the South, young and old, and of making an organized effort to secure the thousands of contributions that are surely waiting. We do not doubt that the fund could be raised in a single day, were that day really made, in schools and churches and homes, the occasion of solemn memories of cherished traditions. The Times-Dispatch feels a deep and abiding interest in this movement. It will gladly do its share. Let us make our minds and hearts that this beautiful memorial to perpetuate for coming generations the ideal of devotion to a cause will be completed before the year is done.

We have had the Teddy Bear and the Bill Possum. Why not now the Woody Owl?

It is too bad that extra session of Congress will not get after the tariff before Easter.

The suffragists seem to be having the usual feminine last word with the Washington police.

Whenever you get excited over the rush of events, just remember the millions of farmers who are sharpening up their plowshares and preparing the seed for 1913 crops. As long as they do not strike, nothing really serious can happen to the nation.

It isn't time yet, but just for the sake of the sweet sound, we ask, "Who's going to pitch to-day?"

It is one more argument for keeping obstructions off Richmond streets, that they obscure the view of both pedestrians and drivers, creating thus new traffic risks.

The bridge situation in Richmond is getting to the point where somebody had better play a few trumps if we are to get to the south side of the James before the millennium.

The Administrative Board refuses to let the ornamental light posts be used for holding splitting signs. They should also refuse to let them hold members of the Broad Street brigade.

The last Congress did one good thing in its dying hours. It passed the bill for the protection of migratory birds. If the States do their share, both farmers and sportsmen will be materially benefited.

Mr. Bryan is getting to be a real Secretary of State. He has "hotly denied a rumor as false."

Can't the health authorities do something to the germ that spreads spring fever?

It is clear that there are not enough countries to go round among all the Democratic diplomats-to-be.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

I remember, I remember.
When courtin' Sal I went;
The parlor where so many
Delightful hours were spent;
The good old horsehair sofa,
The crayon portraits, too,
Which stared so impudently
As crayon portraits do;
The what-not in the corner,
Filled up with ancient junk,
The stuffed owl on the mantle,
Who listened to the bunk
I peddled just like you did,
When courtin' of your gal,
And life was simply heaven
When I was courtin' Sal.

I remember, I remember.
How I marched up the aisle.
The knot tied by the pastor
Has held for quite a while.
The horsehair sofa's missing,
The crayon portraits, too;
We're living in apartments,
With modern stuff clear through.
The stuffed owl is not with us,
Perched up above the grate;
We have no corner what-nots,
For we are up to date.
I remember, I remember,
I married Sal, you bet.
The landlord and collectors
Will not let me forget.

From the Hickeyville Clarion.
No man is so much of a failure in life that he doesn't think he is qualified to write in and tell the editor how to run the paper.

There is only one thing that you get so regular in a country hutter as roast beef and brown gravy, and that is roast pork and apple sass.

It seems to be human nature to be mighty fond of eggs when they are 50 cents a dozen and to get mighty sick of 'em when they are 15 cents a dozen.

Of all the pests in this world there ain't none like the feller that has been in Europe once.

Hank Tumlin had a photograph of his bank roll taken the other day. He wants to have it enlarged.

The one great mystery about a railroad sandwich is how they photograph the ham on no lifeline.

There are so many ways of getting to heaven nowadays that there is sure going to be an awful collision if they all try to run into the terminal station at the same time.

Anson Frisby, our banker, says he is thinkin' of havin' a steam heatin' plant put in his house. Jed Higgins, who runs our green house and is quite a florist, says there ain't no such plant as that so far as he knows, and that Anse must be natur' fakin' again.

The best thing about advice is that it don't cost nothing, which, by the way, is about all that most of it is worth.

Grandpa Bibbins says the trouble with pie is that most of it is cut just a little too wide for his mouth.

Doc Purdy, the painless dentist in our village, has been pinched for going around and scraping off the gold leaf signs to fill teeth with. He used all the signs off the Hutter on Amos Butts, our lively man, and the signs off Miss Pringle's millinery emporium are now helpin' Mrs. Amariah Tilson to fletcherize her food.

Retrospection.
If I had my life to live over again I could know all the things I know now.

I'd tote the proudest of my fellow men,
And I'd make folks take notice, I vow.

I'd start making money when seven years old,
I would pinch, I would scrape, I would save.

I would work, I would toil, I would save,
By trickery dark, by deceit and by stealth.

I would pile up the gold my life I'd brought,
I would sadden the world by the power of my wealth—
And then maybe I wouldn't. Would you?

Perhaps I would never take time to enjoy
The enchantments of nature and life,
But would use every moment that I could find
To guide for his mouth.

In the whirl of the money mad strife,
I probably never would have time to feel
A sudden bit of compassion for those
I relentlessly crushed 'neath my grim iron heel.

Or to lessen their torture and woes.
It may be I never would find time to go
Up to heaven's superb vault of blue
Or to hear the birds warble their glorious lays.

But I guess that I would. Wouldn't you?

What has the Mann bill as its fundamental basis? And what effect did this, together with the rest of his legislative record, have upon his rise to his present position? If, as his record shows, he has stood throughout for the principle of local option, does it not clearly indicate that he believes in public sentiment as a necessity in the execution of law and the preservation of peace? Does it not show that he believes the power to enforce must be identical in eodem loco with the power to lay down the regulation—in other words, that he is a strict adherent to local self-government, loyal people govern themselves in matters of local concern? He knows that government derives its just right from the consent of the governed, and that without this consent no government can be really effective.

If the foregoing be true, can a man with such a record behind him—which is the result of years of thought and labor be a party to a fight for a totally different fabric? Must not the conditions change, and change notably, before such a shift is warranted? Does any one claim that the conditions have changed in the past decade and a half that our fabric of government needs to be changed? If so, I have yet to hear about it. If conditions have not materially changed—and don't believe they have, and Governor Mann has shown no evidence of such belief—on which side are we to reason that he stands? And should he "stand" otherwise in the face of evidence?

His chief aim—like that of a multitude who opposed the so-called enabling act at the last Legislature, and who will probably continue to oppose it—has been throughout identical with the aim of the advocates of the "State wide" movement—the elimination of

the saloon. The essential difference is in the method. The one believes in creating a local sentiment against, and then have the community act; the other in dealing with it over a large area. The one clinging to a principle "tried and true"; the other to something comparatively new.

Simply because one does not cast his net with the rabble carried on the crest of the wave of emotionalism and sentimentality, he is frequently stamped as one possessed of a low aim and of a questionable motive; while the truth, happily, is that the aim and motive of the critic and the criticized are one and the same. They are at variance merely in the matter of means and method. Temperance should teach us to be more far-sighted and to analyze below the surface of things; then, I feel, we would not criticize so readily a coworker. As a consequence, we should frequently find many of a brighter color than a surface survey indicates.

S. O. S.
May be sung to the tune of "Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night?"
Where is my wand'ring ma to-night?
The one that I used to see,
As she sat on my little bed
In supplication for me,
She tried to wipe away my tears
When I would quarrel and fret;
But now she has joined the roving band
That they call the suffragette.

CHORUS.
O, where is my ma to-night?
Where is my ma to-night?
Our house overflows with rubbish she knows,
O, where is my mamma to-night?

No more we'll see her finger prints
On any bread we have to eat,
But we can follow her marching steps
Along the muddy streets.
There is a song we learned to sing,
My sisters and my brother,
But little we thought we'd have to live
At home without a mother.—Chorus.

When the Titanic ship went down
With her miserable crew,
No one could cry equal rights,
As female suffrage do;
But in the lifeboat women first,
With the children by their side,
If we go down with the sinking ship,
The gallant voice of manhood cried.—Chorus.

Our home was proud and happy then
As with hope and love we planned,
Until mother stopped the cards still
And tried to manage the boat.
And then the awful disaster came,
And now we are in a plight,
With all the children crying loud,
Where is my mamma to-night?—Chorus.

My father has gone to drinking now,
And trying to be a sport,
Since mother has left the baby here
For no one but him to tote.
I hope she will learn this lesson,
And may she never forget:
That she cannot train her children right.

While she is a suffragette.
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Ship of State.
The Woodrow Wilson Ship of State,
Is launched upon the ocean wide,
Freighted with hopes and lofty aims,
And filled with honest, noble pride.
For truth and love and home and land
They have, and Governor Mann has
That thrills the true American
And works for human liberty.

With sunny sky and rolling wave
Our ship of state shall glide along,
Escaping hidden snags and rocks,
Her steel-ribbed anchorions thick and strong.

With Pilot Wilson in command
As legislative storm shall blow
And all the people cheering him
Through wind or rain or sleet or snow.

Our confidence will help the man
That holds the helm of splendid state,
And every brave American
Will hail him well and truly greet.
While bright as meteors flashed and hurled
The Stars and Stripes from hour to hour
Shall wave across the future years
And be forever a world power!

Washington, D. C. JOHN A. JOYCE.

WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU MAD?



AFTER YOU HAD BEEN HAVING LOTS OF FUN LAUGHING AT THE TROUBLES OF YOUR OLD FRIEND JOHN BULL,



-IF YOU SUDDENLY HAD TO GET BUSY ATTENDING TO TROUBLES OF YOUR OWN, AS ABOVE, WOULDN'T IT BUMP YOU?

F. Opper

VIEWS OF THE VIRGINIA EDITORS

"Stop, Look, Listen."

O, boys, if your mothers only knew how you go off at night and on Sundays and play cards and crap and crack-oo and bet your money, how sad and sorrowful they would be! Did you ever stop to think of the pain you would inflict if they only knew? And suppose an officer of the law were to run upon you in one of those games and arrest you? We are not preaching against card playing, because cards in themselves are as harmless as checkers or any other games, but we do preach against gambling, because it is wrong. It is unlawful. It is taking the other fellow's money without giving anything in return. It is low and degrading, and will some day get you in trouble. Don't do it. Be manly and fill a more exalted position in life.

You have been seen engaged in sport, and it was from pure goodness of heart by the man who saw the game going on that your names were not given and handed to the next grand jury.—Houston Record-Advertiser.

A Real Bear-Cat.
The big guns of the retrogressionists are again after William J. Bryan. It is well that they send the largest and heaviest and most dangerous of their arsenal, for they certainly are going after big game.—Virginia Gazette.

Being Slowly Frozen, Anyway.
Congress wants a refrigerating plant to keep the House and Senate chambers cool in warm weather, and it must be admitted that there is more than one of its members deserving to be put in cold storage.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Some Cognomen.
Captain Robert Goodynk, the moon-fixin' express messenger, who runs up and down the Clinch Valley with Jim Godfrey, has had his cognomen placed upon our local mailing list.—Wise News.

A Good Administration Ahead.
It is an encouraging sign that nearly all of the big newspapers, irrespective of their politics, predict a successful administration for Woodrow Wilson. Virginia's son has impressed the nation with his sincerity, his purpose, and with any kind of co-operation from the people his administration should go down on record as one of the best of all times.—Newport News Press.

The "Movies" in Farmville.
The moving picture show moves on its way gracefully evening after evening, and to the delight of increasing audiences. Scenes at sea, the girl forced to marry against her will, and the man with the new cane held the boards Friday evening last, and to the pleasure of a full house, Edison may make the pictures talk, but silent, they are eloquent.—Farmville Herald.

Belled After Many Years.
Samuel B. Clem and Miss Ellen Frances Hess were married in 1876. They have ten children. They were never belled before (ill Monday night, when the children and grandchildren came together and gave Mr. and Mrs. Clem a belting, greatly to their surprise. After the bellying, Mr. and Mrs. Clem gave their children and grandchildren a treat. Mr. Clem says he feels a little younger since the bellying, so much so that he thinks he wants to take a trip to Washington this spring.—Quicksburg Correspondence, Shenandoah Valley.

The Convenient Location
of the large and commodious offices of this bank and its equipment which enables patrons to transact their financial affairs promptly—these features, combined with the unquestioned safety afforded, make it a desirable depository.

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